

the
STUDENT'S Pen



FEBRUARY 1957

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Bi-Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XLII

FEBRUARY 1957

No. 3

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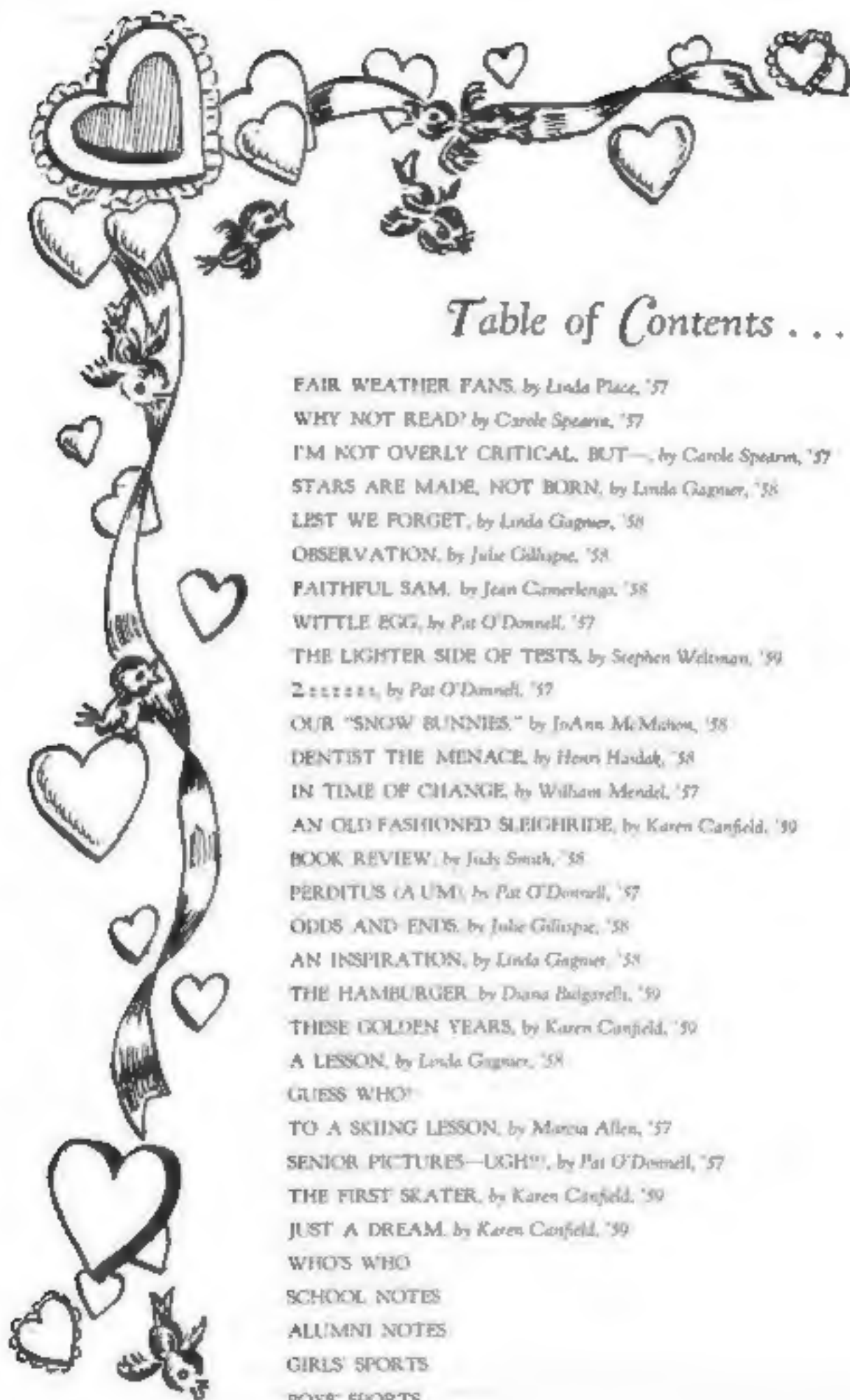


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EDITORIALS

Fair Weather Fans

By Linda Place, '57

THIS year Pittsfield High has been very fortunate in having both a good football team and a champion basketball team. Of course we are proud of these teams, and we have cheered them on. But are we only fans when the sun of good fortune is shining on us? There are few of us who would really go out of our way to watch our team, even though they win. The attendance at the out-of-town games has been ample evidence of this. On one particular night, the cheerleaders had the pleasure of leading five students in the encouragement of their team!

Is this school spirit? Witness the small schools who fill the Armory with their crowds, even if the odds are against them. P.H.S. surely ought to do as well!

Our support should not end with the "big" sports. Such teams as the hockey and ski teams work just as hard as the others for Pittsfield High, but get little recognition from the student body. These teams also deserve encouragement.

A person who, on nights when he has nothing better to do, attends games which P.H.S. is sure to win, is not showing school spirit. This type of person, however, is certain to bask in the glory of a champion team. Having school spirit means going out of our way to watch and encourage our teams, and showing the kind of sportsmanship which will bring only compliments from the general public.

Let's all "show the world" that we at Pittsfield High School really have that sterling quality known as school spirit!

Why Not Read?

By Carole Spearin, '57

FOR years, educators and even parents have been complaining that teenagers "don't read and won't read"—that in the shuffle of this superauric age of television, radio, movies, and telephone, young people have somehow lost the ability to sit down quietly and enjoy a good book. If this is a true picture of the modern generation, is there anything that we, as teenagers, can do to improve the situation?

Perhaps if some of us would spend a little time examining the library, we would realize that it is not, as some think, a collection of humdrum classics interesting only to historians, bookworms, and termites, but a marvelous, living storehouse of the knowledge, experience, and truth accumulated through centuries of human existence.

If we would realize, too, that reading can be one of the most entertaining pastimes, adults would no longer feel that we have lost the ability to appreciate books.

Reading for pleasure is also one of the best, most painless ways of being educated. Travel books, historical novels, and biographies can show us more fully the beauty of the world and the wide diversities among its peoples—now and in other centuries. Reading also increases our vocabulary and our ability to write and speak.

If we have at least made some attempt during high school to discover books on our own, our attitude when we graduate will not be, "Oh, George! I'll never have to open another book," but rather a feeling that the knowledge of the world awaits us if we will only take the time to discover it in books.

ESSAYS

I'm Not Overly Critical, But—

By Carole Spearin, '57

As any pupil knows, there are many types of teachers, some of whom are kind, understanding, and "human" and others who are—ah, well, for prudence's sake, some things are better left unsaid! After twelve years of careful observation I can recall several types of these scholarly beings who have made my academic career especially dismal.

Among the most annoying was my first grade teacher (I call her Miss Knitting Fiend) who, burying her desk under steel needles, yarn, and half-finished baby booties, interrupted her domestic work only occasionally to take attendance. I must not criticize Miss Knitting Fiend too strongly, however, because from forbidden sampling at various times, I discovered that the cheese crackers she fed her goldfish were most delicious.

I must not omit Miss Cruel and Unusual Punishment, my second grade teacher. Any pupil especially bold and unruly was forced to crouch under her desk like a lapdog. I still remember the horrified expression on her pale face one day when Joe, the class clown, bit her leg.

Then there were the teachers who made life unbearable by giving long tests in short periods and insisting that each and every paper be a masterpiece of neatness, knowledge, punctuation, grammar, and spelling. I must also mention Miss Pedantic, usually the possessor of a bun and cold, steel-grey eyes which struck fear into the hearts of even the boldest. Her specialty was brainwashing—firing questions fast and hard until the poor pupil became so muddled and embarrassed that any thinking was impossible. After a session with

Miss Pedantic, any pupil who could still distinguish between a noun and an adjective was considered to have nerves of iron!

There are several other types of teachers who, as I recall, have possessed truly marvelous talent for making school an academic dungeon. Foremost among these creatures was the "Now when I was a girl, we—" type. This one was generally old and generally fond of eulogizing the "good old days" when girls fluttered fragile fans—before the advent of air conditioning—and thirty miles an hour was considered "burning up the road."

One of my particular dislikes has been the rather rare (fortunately) type of instructor whose motto is "I know everything there is to know about my subject, and don't you dare question my authority." From cruel experience I have learned that any subject not in the textbook is a challenge to his authority. Another related, but no less obnoxious, teacher is the arbitrary, "Never mind what the book says; do it my way" type. This one should write his own book, for he can't seem to agree with anybody else's.

Sometimes, however, a student finds one teacher who is just "special" and makes whatever subject she (or he) teaches an enjoyable, as well as educational experience. This type of teacher is thoroughly "human," can admit her mistakes, and will one day discover, I think, that she has made many young friends, who will always remember her as "that nice person who taught us something besides what the book said."

Of course, what teachers think of pupils is another subject entirely!

Stars Are Made, Not Born

By Linda Gagner, '58

THERE are those sports that are fun to watch, and there are those sports in which it is fun to participate. Skating belongs to the latter category. What is more fun than to master the art of skating and to be able to glide across the pond without falling once? That takes practice, believe me! An incident that stands out clearly in my memory is my first skating lesson.

I recall the day. It was a brisk one in mid-January. It had snowed the previous night, and the pond was frozen. A perfect day for skating, so I thought. I vaguely remember taking my skates from their hook in the basement. I had received them that Christmas; however, since there had been no ice, I had never worn them. Even if it had been the weather for skating, I doubt very much if I would have gone, for I was "chicken." Because of my mother's coaxing and prodding, however, I finally agreed to give it a "whirl."

I recall my friends greeting me as I neared the pond. They had been more enthusiastic about my learning to skate than I was. I sat on a log and tugged on my skates. Then I can remember wobbling to the pond, where my friends were shouting words of encouragement. I watched one of my friends skate. I was positive I could do a simple stride as she did, but I was soon pulling myself from the ice. I did not concede defeat, though. Oh no, not me! Never say die, that's me. I was determined that I would learn to skate if it killed me, and at the rate I was going, it might have. Alex, the best skater of the group, tried his utmost to teach me, but even he admitted defeat after my sixth fall. It was like that all afternoon. I'd just be on my feet when I would feel my legs go out from under me and I was down again. Everyone was betting that I would never master the art of skating. That afternoon was wearing on and so was I.

My friends began to depart, but I remained to practice. I wished to know the basic strides at least. I practiced and I practiced; I stood and I sat. Night was falling, and I had arrived at the conclusion that I would never be a Sonja Henie. I felt black and blue. I sat on the log, took off my skates, and started home.

I remember opening the door and hearing my mother ask how I had done. I just groaned, so I guess she knew. I made my aching way to the basement, where I gently placed my toes on their hook. There they would remain until I felt another wave of courage, which, if it never came, would suit me just fine.

LEST WE FORGET

By Linda Gagner, '58

We are only men.

Lest we forget.

God fashioned us—He may undo us.

Lest we forget.

Mere mortals in a universe

Beyond the depths of man's imagination.

A single soul braving the world.

Gruff, gentle, rich, poor.

He loves us all.

He does not need us.

We need Him.

Mere human beings are we.

Our destiny?

To pattern our mark for Eternity.

Each day draws us closer or away from Him.

Our duty?

To love our fellow man.

For that is how we love Him.

Mere human beings are we.

Lest we forget.

Observations

By Julie Gilhispie, '58

HAVE you ever noticed these characters? There is at least one in every class.

"Jumpy" Jim is the nervous type. When the teacher refers to homework, he begins to fidget. (Didn't he do it?) At the first sound of the buzzer, he is out of his seat and raring to go. He is usually the first to dash out of school at the end of each day.

"Scatterbrained" Sal never stops talking! She always has something to say, and she doesn't pay attention in class. If the teacher asks her a question, she is sure to say, "Huh." Don't let her fool you, though. She often does "A" work on her homework and on tests.

"Teasing" Tom is often considered a pest in a friendly sort of way. His funny remarks often bring welcome relief in a moment of tension. But watch him! He'll try to get your goat and you may be embarrassed if he does.

"Wise" Willy is a hard worker, and he deserves credit for his accomplishments. He provides competition for all of us although we don't like to have him pull a test median way up.

"Faraway" Fran lives in a world of her own. She is always day-dreaming during class periods. Inclined to be shy and moody, she keeps apart from the rest of the class.

"Serious" Sue seldom smiles. She takes life too hard. She is bound to put her best into all she does, but if the result is unfavorable, it is a terrible blow to her. She finds it hard to pick up the pieces and start over.

Faithful Sam

By Jean Camerlengo, '58

YOUR friends may forget you; relatives may lose contact with you; but Sam always remembers you. Sam keeps track of every citizen from the day he is born until the day he dies. He knows everything about you that is significant, and a few minor details, too. Your prosperity, family financial status, employment, and investments are important to Sam. You may wonder why he knows and wants to know so much about each individual. No one does so much without a reason.

Sam has a very good reason for acquiring all this knowledge. Part of everything you own belongs to Sam. He is a multi-billionaire. Sam, like any good American citizen, takes good care of his possessions. Every year he writes to his millions of friends. You are one of these friends as soon as you are of age. Every year you answer him, or at least you should. (I wonder why some people try to avoid establishing contact with Sam!) Usually you send him a gift; sometimes he sends you one.

Sam may cost you money, but you cannot eliminate him. Since he is here forever, you may as well learn to live with him. Sam is quite satisfied if you deal honestly and promptly with him. If you do not, he will catch you in the end. You see, he is your friend and the country's guardian—Uncle Sam!

WITTLE EGG

By Pat O'Donnell, '57

I wish I was a wittle egg, as wotton as could be,

I'd put myself upon a wimb away up in a tree.
And when some bone-headed Senior yelled
and scweamed at me;

I'd thwow my wittle wotten self and spwatter
he with me.

The Lighter Side of Tests

By Stephen Weltman, '59

THE world has known many plagues in its long existence as a part of the universe, but there has been none so feared as that modern spoiler, tests. (You needn't look so glum when you hear that word?) Why, your whole life revolves around them! Despite the fact that they are a wee bit unpleasant and cause us to bring our minds out of mothballs at times, we must realize, or rather we wish we were under no compulsion to do so, that tests are, among other things, a natural, as well as man-made, necessity. Without them, we would have no way of showing what we know, or would we? To many of us, tests are merely an outmoded institution that makes boys despair and girls faint, takes up everyone's time, and forces unfortunate teachers to hand in their resignations.

Of the many types of tests, or exams if you would like to give them a more formal title, there are two in particular which stand out in my mind. These are finals and—(If you feel that I am coming too close to home, please omit the word "MID-YEARS") These are the tests that provide the greater part of students' nightmares. As an experienced hand, take it from me. From the time you first hear of them, until the teacher embarrasses you by announcing your unheard-of grade before the entire class, your mind never entirely forgets the subject, although it often fails to remember, at times very inconveniently, the subject matter. At first we find the quiet self-assurance that one possesses when he knows that, with a little study, he should have no trouble. Moreover, he feels confident that, since he has done his assignments regularly, he knows everything, and I do mean—everything. But as the days slip slowly away and the amount of time before the test grows less and less, one loses both retained knowledge and confidence, leaving only a resigned bit of some-

thing loosely dubbed determination, but more fittingly designated as mass "panic." Symptomized by constant "cramming," it usually begins a day or two before the tests, but is known to commence as early as a week before the actual exam. The last and most important stage, "the one which ends this eventful history," as Shakespeare once said, is called simply "forgetting." It consists of three parts, forgetting everything you ever learned, while taking the test, forgetting your mark, and forgetting the entire experience.

All kidding aside, and there has been much, testing is a major part of your schooling. It is about the only feasible way of knowing what you, as an individual, have learned and how well you can use that knowledge. Of course, it is not a perfect system, but is there any earthly thing that is? By and large, if other things are equal, it gives an accurate account of your understanding. Of course, such things as amount of study, emotional status, and health have a marked effect on the result. However, if one does his daily work and a moderate amount of review, he should encounter little if any difficulty. Thus, if this advice is closely adhered to, the preceding circumstances will be just something to joke over, as it was intended.

Z-z-z-z-z-z

By Pat O'Donnell, '57

Don't like the teacher,
The subject's too deep.
I'd skip the class,
But I need the sleep.

Our "Snow Bunnies"

By JoAnn McMahon, '58

OFTEN when my sister came home from a day of skiing at a nearby resort and was asked if she had had a good time, she would reply that the skiing was great, but the slopes were filled with "snow bunnies." Now I, being fairly young, did not know exactly what "snow bunnies" were, and I never asked, not wanting to display my ignorance. I was quite sure that the term did not refer to actual animals, so I decided that it must pertain to some human form that inhabited ski slopes.

So it happened that a year or so later, when I took up the sport of skiing and began to understand the skier's jargon fairly well, I came to realize the meaning of "snow bunny" and became quite proficient in discerning them when they were still a mile away. Distinguishing "snow bunnies" from the "dyed-in-the-wool" skiers is quite easy and makes an amusing passive sport. The true skier is readily separated from the "bunnies" in that he is not particularly fussy about his appearance and only wants good skis, boots, and poles, whereas the "bunny" has the best equipment and looks dazzling in his expensive ski attire, but simply does not fit the picture on skis.

Now, in my skiing experiences, I have run into many different types of "bunnies," but they can ordinarily be classed in three major groups. The first type might be classified as "fireside skiers." These are the skiers who appreciate the warmth and congeniality of the ski lodge. Upon arriving at the resort, they enter the lodge for a cup of coffee and a cigarette, and for some reason they never venture outside to put on their eighty dollar skis. Rather, they remain lounging next to the fire, making new acquaintances for the remainder of the day. I don't particularly mind this type of "bunny," but I do get bored at hearing how great a skier he is.

The second class of "bunnies" is an improvement over the first in that these actually do get on skis, but this is sometimes as far as they do get. Type II Bunnies are out on the slopes to be seen, and usually they stand at the top of the slope so that you can bump into them when you get off the tow. They chat with their friends at the top of the hill until they get up enough courage to begin their descent, which is usually accomplished by a series of short straight runs climaxed by falls, or, barely maintaining their precarious balance, they manage to stay up until they smash into someone at the bottom. I have observed Type II Bunnies to be rather dangerous in that they practically always hit from behind.

However, I find that the Type III Bunny is the one to look out for because he is most dangerous. This is the type of person who has mastered the basic fundamentals of skiing and is really "gung ho" over the sport and feels that he must prove his prowess. So, up to the expert slope he goes and down the slope he comes in a straight run at a roaring speed, his figure bent forward, and his arms flailing the air in an effort to maintain balance. Skiers standing at the side of the slope pray that he may make it to the bottom in one piece, but alas, he has hit someone in an effort to stop. Checking to find out if anyone was hurt in the collision, I find out that the man Type III Bunny hit cannot move his arm. Then, out goes the call for the ski patrol. Indeed, I believe that ski patrols were originated on account of this type of skier.

Now that I have learned to avoid the "snow bunnies," I am fairly safe on the slopes, but I know that I should enjoy the sport so much more if the "bunnies" were confined to one area with a sign reading "Beware of Bunnies" as a fair warning to all who might enter.

Dentist the Menace

By *Henrie Haudak*, '58

MY ordeal starts about a week before. I meticulously brush my teeth three, sometimes four times a day. While sitting in school, I catch myself running my tongue carefully over my teeth, exploring every nook and cranny. Gum, which previously I practically subsisted on, suddenly becomes exasperatingly forbidden, and candy completely "out." Going by candy counters and gum machines, I manage to avert my hungry eyes only after a great effort.

Upon returning home from school, I always glance at the calendar, and note that the days are going by rapidly—too rapidly for comfort. Finally, the dreaded day arrives. The meaningful blue appointment card gleams malignantly and evilly from its place of honor on the community bulletin board, seeming to point me out for all to see.

I'm continually reminded of my fate all day. In the morning mother glances at me and says, "Don't forget your dentist appointment," with a threatening note in her voice. During lunch I suddenly lose my appetite as the ominous blue card tumbles out of my lunch bag. Don't forget—how could I? Feebly, and with a decidedly palled face, I slowly gather up my lunch and leave the cafeteria.

I think the terrible, seemingly endless waiting bothers me the most. I imagine it's the same sensation a condemned man, sitting in an electric chair waiting for the switch to be pulled, undergoes. Whatever it is, it's torturing. One knows the agony that is coming, but it doesn't come.

I develop a persecution complex about this time. Faces that would normally seem happy and friendly now suddenly develop sneering smiles and sarcastic glances. The classes drag on, endless and eternal.

Finally the bell rings, all too soon for me—the victim. I walk mournfully to my locker,

wearing a doleful expression. By the time I have my coat on, I am beginning to feel like a martyr. I manage a weak, sickly smile, and then a little braver one. I begin to hope fervently that for some reason I won't make it to the dentist's office.

I begin to picture various joyous events, at least "joyous" to my present trend of thought. Glorious, happy, wonderful miracles, such as discovering the charred remains of the building (this accompanied by a fiendish chuckle and evil light in my eyes), circulate through my fevered brain. I am startled abruptly from my deep reverie when my eyes catch sight of the hated structure looming on the horizon.

Stifling a groan, I enter and, resigned to my miserable lot, mutter, "Three, please," to the elevator attendant. Worse luck, the elevator didn't get stuck and I am there, before the door. Showing surprising bravado, perhaps because by this time my whole system is brimming with adrenalin, I swagger in and fearlessly deposit my books and coat on a chair in the waiting room. My bravado vanishes quickly enough, however, when the door leading to the inner sanctum immediately opens and a brisk nurse confronts me. Cheerfully but firmly she grasps my arm as I start to dash for cover, and propels me into the torture chambers.

Once I am securely deposited in the impersonal steel contraption, surrounded by mechanical monstrosities, that is known as a dental chair, the nurse leaves me alone to contemplate my uncertain, troubled future, and perhaps to voice a last prayer. Even the final meal of a man in the death cell is denied me.

The room, sparkling clean and impersonal, seems to mock me. My hands clench and un-

Continued on next page

clench, becoming colder and clammy every second. My heart palpitates and thuds, its booming overpowering the room. On the wall the clock slowly ticks and my feet tap nervously in time.

I hear a creak and whirl nervously around to confront my antagonist. Warily I eye him like a trapped animal, as he steadfastly approaches. Here he is, at long last—the cause of all my tangled emotions. There my torturer stands, cool, poised, heartless, a true artist in his trade. He comes nearer, and his beaming face takes on satirical, demoniacal touches I never notice when I say hello to him on the street.

He starts arranging instruments, pausing to rub his hands gleefully together, an action that classifies him, to my terror-stricken mind, as a satisfied sadist at work—on me! The chair is tuted back, my mouth is pried open, and with a shining silver instrument in hand, the dentist happily starts probing.

Three touches later, a needle appears in his hand and it comes toward me, growing larger and larger, venomously dropping fluid from the tip. Paralyzed, I can do naught but gape, my mind having entered a state of shock. The numbing completed, work is resumed. At this stage of the game, work entails the use of a drill, glinting wickedly in the bright light, which serves as an added discomfort. Now I know how the criminal feels, with many spotlights aimed at him, cowering tremulously in a chair, the object of undivided attention. I know I pity, I sympathize.

At last, many cries, groans, jerks, and tears later, the miserable, nervous wreck that I have become, is informed all is over. Babbling incoherently, I somehow manage to pull myself out of the chair and totter to the door. I put on my coat, gather up my books, and leave, all the while entertaining rosy delusions of never returning again.

Yes, delusions—because in my pocket is another blue card, handed to me by the efficient nurse on my way out, my appointment for next week.

IN TIME OF CHANGE

By William Mendel, '57

Man needs to be alone, with a blazing fire,
in a place of memories . . .

To be alone with revealing silence

With no companion, in time of cold and winter storms,
beyond walls of dancing shadow

While flames dance and gaze is vacant, the
heart dwells on the past . . .

Its memories of the boy, the youth, the never-possible return.

The figure of the past, silhouetted in natural
glow, hovers in the open door,

While that vacant gaze stares by, resting on
the thin trail of footprints

Fading into the veil of shadows, the distant
unknown.

One night a son was driven from this fire . . .
he matured.

His steps in the new snow, born of day, are
beyond the door, shadowed by

Light of moon and stars, leading away from
his youth.

These steps . . . across the expanse of
whitened land, beneath the heights, among
the naked souls of beauty ceased, they lead

Silent in hush . . . sound in quiet

Night winds sigh through virgin life, silence,
bathed in pale light, lies

Dormant till new birth.

Youth treads eagerly away from youth

Rippling upon calm of mood, unknown steps
stir winds of restlessness, fear

In dreams of no end, of lonely depths, of life

The passage of reality in the false pride and
beauty of man.

A lonely mark upon the infinity of time and
thought and hope

A boy turned man . . . these steps.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SLEIGHRIDE

By Karen Canfield, '59

A ranceled up with loving care
We start off going on our sleigh
With sleigh bells ringing in the air
And merry songs along the way

Onward we trot on crisp white snow
Past frosted tree and frozen stream
Our cheeks take on a ruddy glow
From sleighing in a winter dream.

Book Review

By Judy Smith, '58

"THE LINCOLN READER"

By Paul M. Angle

"The Lincoln Reader" is the luminous personal story of Abraham Lincoln, our sixteenth president. The novel has a good historical background of the American people during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century. It illustrates excellently how people lived and thought during one of the most crucial periods of our history. The novel tells how Abraham Lincoln educated himself, and shows him as a lawyer and a politician. It follows the rise of this small town lawyer and politician to the presidency of the United States. "The Lincoln Reader" is the story of a great man and the reasons for his greatness.

The author Paul M. Angle, tells the story of Abraham Lincoln with deep understanding. He shows Lincoln as a man of fascinating character and warmly human personality. One is thrilled by the vivid descriptions throughout this educational and enjoyable book.

Perditus (a-um)

By Pat O'Donnell, '57

"What are little girls made of made of
What are little girls made of
Sugar and spice and everything nice
That's what little girls are made of

ALTHOUGH this may seem like a nice little poem, it's to be wondered just what the girls of P.H.S. are really made of. Perhaps a look at the lost-and-found department will reveal something of the nature of the girls. It seems that the girls must be made of lipstick and rings, and bracelets and things, that's what P.H.S. girls are made of.

But wait a minute, boys, the girls aren't the only ones that are represented there. How in the world does a car start without its key? Other important gems our boys lose are glasses and billfolds. It may be understood that sophomores might lose these articles, and then forget about them, but must we find the upperclassmen doing this?

Odds and Ends

By Julie Gillaspie, '58

DID anyone hear a loud explosion in one of our chemistry rooms awhile ago? It was followed by a horrible smell and a torrent of words.

Who's the wise guy who opened all the windows on a freezing morning when his French teacher spoke to him in French, telling him to close the door? He nearly froze us out!

Does anyone know what is so interesting outside of room 197's window that it makes people stare? Could it be that the squirrels have taken up acrobatics? There must be something out there!

Is someone walking around bare-footed? A shoe was turned in to the lost and found department. Wouldn't someone like to hobbie down and claim it?

SHORT STORIES

An Inspiration

By Linda Gagmer, '58

SON," it was his father's voice. "Your mother has been called to heaven."

His mother gone? He couldn't believe it. It seemed like only yesterday that she had nursed him through a siege of pneumonia, the small boy recalled. After she had done her chores, she would sit by his side and tell him stories. No, it wasn't true, it couldn't be true!

Unable to believe that his mother was dead, Abraham Lincoln drew away from his father and silently climbed the ladder to the loft. He gazed into the night. The full moon was playfully casting shadows on the ground. The stars were twinkling gaily in their heavens. The small lad toyed with the thought that she would soon call to him and that they would go outside to watch the moon and the stars, as they had so often. They would find the face in the moon and play games with the stars. Yes, she would soon call to him.

Still looking out of the window, he saw his father go to the barn. The elder Lincoln hitched the mare to the wagon. Then he went into the cabin. As he returned to the wagon, Abe saw that he was carrying something. His mother! He placed the small body on the wagon and covered it with a quilt which she had made.

The nine year-old lad had loved his mother dearly. As he stared into the night, he thought of her. She had stood for everything that was good. As soon as he had been able to under-

stand, she had taught him the Golden Rule. Nancy Hanks Lincoln had lived by that principle. She had shown him how to live by it, too.

He thought of the few months when he could be spared from work and could go to school. Just a short time ago, he recalled, he had been to school for a month, and meantime his mother had done many of his chores. Never once did she complain. The Golden Rule.

Once in his young life he had seen a Negro. He had asked his mother about the different colored person. She told him that these dark skinned men and women were called Negroes and were sold as slaves. A slave, she explained, was a person brought by another to do all sorts of work. Often the slave was beaten, and treated very cruelly. She told him how wrong it was and that something should be done about it. Again, the Golden Rule. He had vowed that if ever he might be able to help these people, he would.

Abe knew that he should not be so crushed by his mother's death. He knew that she would not have wanted him to be so sorrowful. "Yes," he thought, "she would have been glad to know I loved her so, but she would have wanted me to carry on without her."

He had just been gazing into the darkness, and his eyes were growing weary. He cried himself to sleep that night and dreamed wonderful thoughts of the woman who was to be a great inspiration to him in later years.

The Hamburger

"Taken from The True Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls"

By Diane Bulgarelli, '99

H st! What odor is that that penetrateth the
air? What smell

Doth call to nostril after nostril, "Come?"

It is

A Hamburger The salt and pepper have been
added to

The royal dish.

The juice, the roll

The sauce,

(Worcestershire or A-1?) beckoneth, as it

Soggeth the bread. Ketchup is there

And onion. 'Tis a dish fit for the Gods!

At last! I eat! My

Cup runneth over

I have been very fortunate that there are
many people in this school who are completely ignorant as to the origin of the hamburger. Realizing the importance of this subject I have undergone industrious research, which I loathe, in order to proffer to you the meat and substance of this issue.

Though it is claimed by some that the Hamburger was originated in Hamburg, and thereby ought to be called a Hamburg, instead of a Hamburger, I staunchly refuse to admit this, having browsed through Pickwick's Theory of Tittlebats, which confirms my story. It is heretofore and thereby claimed that the true tale rests on the posthumous confession of one Carne Tagliata. It is as follows:

"Being as sane as can be reasonably expected after what I have gone through, I, Carne Tagliata, in this year of grace seventeen and four score ten and three, do hereby invest in my son the rosewood box and this letter, and I hope that he will make better use of the one, than I did, and get more out of my written experience than he will need.

"Fifty years ago, when I was twenty-one, my father, a noble soul, and I, chanced upon

a voyage to that large continent of Africa, being, as we were, concerned, by way of management with the gold shipment from the Pepper veldt, for someone had been making off with the caravans in a most mysterious manner, leaving behind neither, as the epistle said, 'witnesses nor tracks,' all of which proved disturbing to my father, the Chancellor of Ships at Large. Proceeding down to the Pepper districts, we managed to arrive only a few months after the Italian League of Gold-minded Prigs had first reported the robberies. When we arrived, we found that scarcely twenty natives remained, all in a great state of fright under the command of Leonardo, my father's right-hand man. As we, fresh from the Continent, learned that there were no traces at all of the caravans, we decided to set out for a short trip with a native guide. On our return we were quite ready to believe in the honesty and integrity of Leonardo, and we decided to bait a caravan with ourselves as witnesses. We left camp with two loads of gold and ten bearers. I, a heavy sleeper, woke up two mornings later to find everything gone, but there were several sets of tracks which I decided to follow. They led two score miles, all told, and I had no sooner covered them when a storm broke, terrible in its fury. It rained for several days, during which I tried to return to camp. It took a month, but when I staggered into the clearing, in bad need of medical aid, I found I was forsaken. The post was empty. Not an animal, native, insect, not anything. Frantic, I burst into the quarters and found a note, telling me that they were out looking for father, too, and would be back soon. Anything to me was better than waiting there for them, so I took some equipment, which

Continued on next page

was plentiful, and set out, in hopes of tracking them. In my half delirious condition I got lost, and dreading the thought of sleeping alone, what with the jungle creatures and the robbers, I rolled some blankets into a form and placed them in my bedroll and, not relishing the thought of spending the night there, I hid in the brush with some of the natives' leftover rations, which was dried meat, badly cured.

"I had almost fallen asleep when the group appeared. They were tall, strapping natives, led by a white man, and they dressed in finery far exceeding any I had ever seen before. They moved around my small clearing in a pattern, chanting, and then two appeared carrying a large silver plate, on which was a charm or god of some sort, for they bowed to it. Dancing slowly about the tent, one of them happened to notice my ruse, and it was not long before I was found and taken prisoner.

"They took me to a beautiful city, studded with rich jewels, which they evidently did not value. I was thrown into a dungeon with Leonardo, and the group left, still bearing the plate. I turned to Leonardo.

"What is that, a dish with a holy charm upon it?" I queried.

"Leonardo looked reverently out the window, watching the natives in the court.

"It was a royal dish, my son, something greater than you or anyone else had conceived. The leader was a Turk, and had brought the dish from a remote corner of Asia, and with it he had so tortured the poorly-fed natives that they would do anything for a taste. When Leonardo and I escaped, we took some with us, leaving father, the King's meal, behind, and arriving at Europe, we let it loose upon the public. In order to protect ourselves, for the chief had been a man of letters, we changed the name of the dish from the original Greek to 'a German's Delight,' which was eventually shortened to Hamburger by our society.

Of course, one can not expect one with

only lay knowledge of the prize meat to understand the strange talk of this ancient manuscript, and for this reason, and this reason only, have I condensed the tale as told by Signor Carne Tagliata. But the story of the Hamburger, thus abridged, is a tragic, everlasting memento of the man who, like Marco Polo and the noodle, brought forth a dish that was to enjoy everlasting life and memory.

THESE GOLDEN YEARS

By Karen Canfield, '94

These golden years that now we spend
In studies, free from the heavy cares of the
world,

We do not appreciate.

O, let us look around and see how truly fortunate we are,

For there are those who would give all
To have that which we consider nothing.

Eyes, open' and let the youth of America
Give thanks for being born free.

And not in chains forged from ignorance and
tyranny

Enjoy our golden years' for soon we shall be
called upon to pay

Our debts to the world

These golden years that lie ahead will dwindle
and pass

All too soon.

A LESSON

By Linda Gagner, '58

I gazed sightlessly out to sea,

Many things puzzling me

More

God.

Eternity,

The world

Is it true—these things taught me?

A wave kissed the sand,

A gull circled overhead,

The sun was setting,

Raindrops began.

And I knew

Guess Who?

This dark-haired senior is one of the "huffers and puffers" in our school band. He has played on our basketball team, and he has been cheered on by all of us as he carried the "pigskin" for the purple and white. His picture was in the paper when he was the first to get "shot" in our school polio clinic. Can you guess who he is?

Our mystery girl is also a senior. This brunette is on the short side, and she always wears a cheerful smile. She is a hard worker, and has taken an active part in our musical department. Besides singing with the Choraliers, she has played the clarinet in our band. Some of you may have met her in Phi-Hi-Y, and others may have overheard her talking about Bates College which she hopes to attend next year. Do you know who she is?

Answers on page 22

TO A SKIING LESSON

By Maria Allen, '57

Was that precipice really "the slope"?
I gazed at the hill with a dying hope
How to ski on a field of snow
Was what I wanted most to know
My spirit and courage further dropped
When I discovered my harness had popped.
The boots on my feet felt like buckets of lead.
I was sure I'd do better to ski on my head.
But soon a nice guy was teaching me how
To master that tactic that's called the snow
 plow
I also learned, under rule of a club,
To fill in my sitzmark or "bathtub."
But now it is a different matter
No longer the nerves of my parents I shatter
But often I hear a loud cry from below,
"Look out. She's reached the top of the tow!"
I'm really a whiz, as you clearly can see—
For heaven's sake! Look out, you tree!"

SENIOR PICTURES—UGH!"

By Pat O'Donnell, '57

Senior get-um picture took,
Get-um proof, don't ake-um look!
Ask-um friend, "Is this-um me?"
Friend-um answer, "Yes sreee."
Does this-um face resemble me?"
"Oh, yes, but definitely."
"Tell me, mama, truthfu ly,
Does-um photo look like me?"
"Just exactly," mama said.
Shock too much—senior dead!"

THE FIRST SKATER

By Karen Canfield '59

The ice, so smooth and clean,
Gleams in the early light—
No one there but me!
I put on my new skates—how proud I am of
 them,
And venture forth on the crystal mirror
Around and around I soar, swooping,
Gliding, cutting delicate lace
Patterns with my blades
All alone with the newly awakened sun,
Breath hanging frosty in the air
And my heart singing with joy,
How young and free I am!

JUST A DREAM

By Karen Canfield, '59

I love a grey sky
Snowflakes go whipping by,
Borne by a wailing wind.

While looking at the frozen sea,
Something untamed inside of me
Longs to sail away to Ind.

I think of distant sun-blessed lands
Where warm waves sweep the golden sands.
Calling, calling, calling,

I must leave my sunlit dreams
Reality, the north wind, screams
Snowflakes swiftly falling

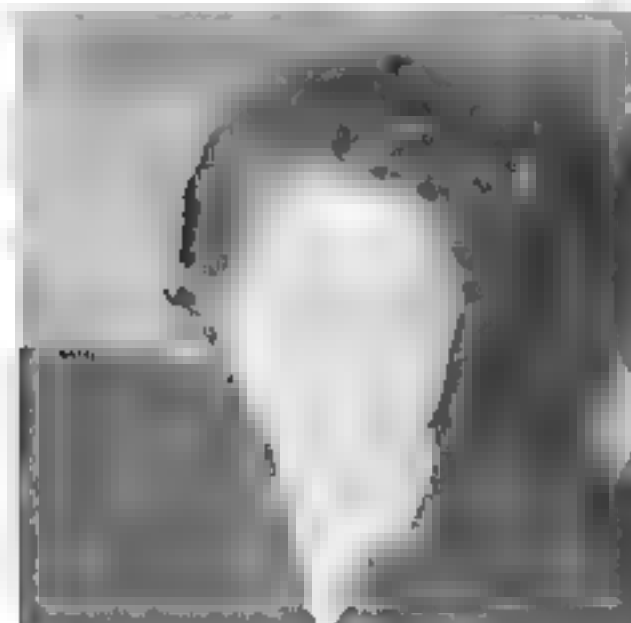
WHO'S WHO

PATRICIA TAGLERI

Hustle, hustle. One always sees Pat Tagleri rushing down the halls. Pat is Girls' Varsity President of the Senior Class, is on both the Student Council and Senior Class Council, on the yearbook committee, and took part in the Christmas program. Pat is also president of Zeta Tri H Y.

Her hobbies consist of collection, stuffed animals, dancing, talking, and living every golden minute. Her favorite food is breaded veal cutlets, expression is "That's sharp."

After graduation Pat wants to go to Bryant. Her ambition is to be on the Dean's List there. Good luck, Pat.



NICK MORRIS, JR.

Senior Nick Morris is a star on the P.H.S. football team. Besides football, Nick also plays baseball, basketball, and is on the track team. His hobbies are hunting and playing

To keep up his pep, Nick eats steak. His favorite expression is "Say, Son," his pet peeve is people who ask too many questions.

Next year Nick hopes to attend college and play football. Good luck, Nick! We'll watch for you on our TV screens on Saturday afternoons.



JOAN MENIN

Meet Joan Menin, an active senior taking the College Prep course. Besides being treasurer of the Senior Class, Joan is a member of the Student Council and the P.H.S. Cadettes. She was on the Junior Prom decorating committee and the costume committee for the Senior Christmas program. Athletics wise, Joan is on the girls' varsity basketball and volleyball teams and also participates in how

Among her hobbies are dancing, swimming, and reading. Her favorite food is pizza. Her pet peeve is people who ask too many questions.

After graduation she would like to attend college and work in a school in Pittsburgh.



WHO'S WHO



DAVE FARRELL

Dave Farrell needs little introduction. Most of us know him through his capacity as President of the Senior Class or as captain of our wonderful basketball team. Dave also served on the Student Council and was a member of the Boy State. He is President of the PHS T.H.Y. T.H.Y. Cabinet as well as the Boy State T.H.Y. T.H.Y. Council.

Dave's hobbies are basketball and reading. His favorite sports are the Boston Celtics and the Yankees. His pet peeves are whistle-happy referees and people who say "I don't care."

Dave's future will be a career in either law or politics. Best of luck, Dave!

PAUL VENTI

Boys' Vice President of the Senior Class. Paul is an active Senior. He is on the Student Council, Vice President of the United Student's Forum, and was on the Class Ring Committee. He plays the trombone in the PHS Dance Band, band, and the orchestra. He plays football and basketball.

Pork chops are Paul's favorite food. His pet peeve is people who say "I don't care."

Next year he expects to go to college, preferably MIT and Stanford.



SANDY DONNA

Sandy Donna is secretary of the Senior class. She is a member of the Student Council, Home Room representative, a Cadette, on the varsity volleyball team, and a member of the Chorus. She was on the Junior Prom decorating committee and the decoration committee for the Christmas program. Sandy was on the Statistics Committee of the yearbook and on The Student's Pen.

Sandy's favorites are steak and ice cream and the Yankees. Her pet peeves are Squirrels.

Sandy's ambition is to be a geometer. Her plans for the future are to go to college.



SCHOOL NOTES

SCHOOL NOTES STAFF

and: Barbara Andrus, Donna Sharpe Keane, Norma Keane, Dorothy Fennelsham, Rachelle Harris, Estu Harte, Amanda Fox-Doria, Jeff Seawall, St. Paul, N. J. School No. 1, Jan. Blau, Roscoe Andrus, Suzanne Brumard, Mary Carolan and Carol Casagratia.

FACULTY NEWS

Leaving the P.H.S. faculty at the end of January is Mr. William Montgomery of the technical department who will take a position at the Campbell Soup Company at Camden, New Jersey as an equipment development engineer. "Max," as he is known to his students and fellow teachers, graduated from Brookline High School and Brown University and the Harvard Graduate School of Business. During high school and college he played varsity football. At P.H.S. Mr. Montgomery has taught mechanics, physics, math, drafting and for two years coached the track and ski teams. Among "Max's" hobbies are photography, and music. He played the bass fiddle in the Albany Symphony Orchestra, Pittsfield Little Symphony and Berkshire Symphony, and for two years has been awarded scholarships to the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood. In regard to leaving P.H.S. Mr. Montgomery said, "I have greatly enjoyed working with the students and faculty of P.H.S. for the past seven and a half years. I consider the present students the nicest P.H.S. has had and they are very fortunate in having such an excellent faculty." The P.H.S. students, especially the "tech" boys, will greatly miss Mr. Montgomery. We wish him the best of luck!

Pittsfield High welcomes Mr. James A. Lennox, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. Montgomery. Mr. Lennox was born in Pittsfield and graduated from P.H.S. in 1944. After high school he served in the Navy and then attended Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, where he received his B.S. degree in electrical engineering. Since 1953 Mr. Lennox has operated the Lennox Electronics Co. on West Street.

P.H.S. ASSEMBLIES

Celebrating the opening of the Christmas holidays, 150 students presented a Christmas program, including a 15th century Christmas mystery. Accompanied by the Girls' Glee Club, students costumed as angels, kings, shepherds, Three Wise Men and Mary and Joseph depicted the celebration of the birth of Christ.

Presented in a church setting, the play unfolded against a background including simulated stained glass windows, an altar, a manger, large candles, and Christmas wreaths.

After the mystery, the orchestra played two selections, followed by the singing of Christmas carols by the entire student body.

The play was under the direction of George J. Nesbit, the music directed by Morton Wayne. The senior class, under the supervision of Miss Jane Heaphy, was responsible for the program decorations and production.

On January 10, P.H.S. students attended an S.A.S. program. Miss Virginia Sales, who has appeared on radio, on several network television programs, in motion pictures, and on Broadway and summer theater stages, presented a series of monologues called "Americana" Character Sketches.

RETAIL SALES NOTES

The retail sales class has finished a project in connection with retail economics. In this project they looked up the history of the store in which they work, and obtained valuable information by interviewing the store managers. This information was then presented to the class. Some of the members also brought in pictures of the stores as they were years ago, and as they are in the present day.

TECHNICAL NEWS

On December sixth, many of the Technical seniors left Pittsfield High at 9:00 A. M. and journeyed to West Springfield where they were taken on a tour of the West Springfield plant of the Western Massachusetts Electric Co. Here the complete process of generating electricity was witnessed by the boys. Among other things, they saw the giant pulverizers which devour about one thousand tons of coal daily and grind it into a powder finer than flour.

After the trip, each boy was required to submit a written report on his experience. The reports were reviewed by the boys' English and electricity teachers and were then sent to the Western Massachusetts Electric Company. The management liked one of the reports by Neil Goldman so well that they decided to publish it in its entirety in the next issue of their magazine, "High Lines." Congratulations, Neil!

Eight years ago, when the Technical Course was founded, there was no electricity laboratory for the students. Today, the Technical seniors have as a part of their electricity course the use of what is probably one of the best high school electricity labs in the country. Mr. Muhl, the teacher of this course has done a considerable amount of work, along with other electricians, in installing new and better equipment which enables the boys to experiment with the many different phases of the science of electricity.

Last summer much work was done to expand the facilities of the lab. A new switch board panel which permits the independent operation of two ac motor-generator sets was installed. These motor-generator sets are able to generate ac electricity at other than the standard sixty-cycle commercial electricity which we use in our homes. They have a range from about thirty cycles per sec. to seventy cycles per sec. Three dc motor-generator sets were also installed. One of these is designed to generate dc electricity at both

thirty volts and 250 volts for special lab work. The other two are constructed to generate dc electricity at varying speeds of rotation, thus enabling the boys to study and plot curves of dc generation at different rpm.

A new single-phase variator, which is not produced commercially in large quantities, was specially built for the B-8 lab. This device permits amazingly accurate control over the amount of power to be taken off the main line. Another piece of apparatus, a three-phase table transformer, which is also new to the lab this year, gives the students access to many voltage combinations.

The addition of this new equipment gives the students even more opportunity to test and prove the basic laws and theories which govern electrical phenomena. All of the students are deeply grateful to Mr. Muhl for the tremendous effort which he has put into making the B-8 lab what it is.

At the end of 12 weeks of Bowling at Pastime Alleys, the standings in the Technical Bowling League are as follows: first place—Obms 38-10, second place—Volts 34-14, third place—Watts 19-20, and fourth place—Amps 5-43. Barry Mandel, with an average of 91.2, is the top bowler in the league so far.

RALLY NOTES

Our first basketball rally of the season, which was short but quite spirited, preceded the St. Joseph's game played on December 4, 1956. Acting as M. C. throughout the rally, Ken Gale introduced the cheerleaders who led the student body in many cheers. The first speaker was Dave Farrell, who spoke on "the will to win." This talk was followed by Coach Hickey who introduced the team members to the students. Vice Principal Massimano also spoke concerning student body participation. Of course, Mr. Wayne and the band were on hand to lend their talents. Surely everyone had loads of fun and thanks go to all those individuals who helped to make the rally a success.

MUSIC NOTES

The 1957 All-State Music Convention, to take place in Northampton, will find five P.H.S. musicians in its company. Senior Ann Russ, concertmistress of the P.H.S. Orchestra, will play first violin in the orchestra. This will be Ann's second year in All State. In the band will be junior John Falkowski with his alto clarinet. In the chorus will be tenor Larry Ryall, a junior, and altos Judy Dunlevy and Barbara Fairfield, both seniors.

The All-State rehearsals will take place at Smith College. Last year Pittsfield had the honor of being host to the convention.

The P.H.S. band members, having raised \$1100 toward their trip to Washington, D.C., had a cake sale January 26 in order to climb closer to their goal of \$2400. Another project is a concert to be given by the Band and Dance Band. This presentation will be in addition to the annual Spring Scholarship Concert. Any ideas which would help raise money for the Washington trip will be welcomed by all band members. The trip will take place in the early part of April.

Nearly all the proceeds from the Annual Spring Scholarship Concert are used by the Guidance Department for scholarships to deserving seniors.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

On December 7 and 14, the boys of Machine Shop and the Drafting Department took a trip to the IBM Company in Poughkeepsie, New York.

This plant is one of the company's principal factories in the United States. It was founded in 1941 with 44,000 square feet of floor space and has grown steadily to its present size of 1,200,000 square feet.

This plant produces electric typewriters, accounting machines, electronic data and processing and proof machines.

Upon arrival at the plant, the boys were welcomed by Mr. J. H. Nielsen. After the students were given safety glasses and a guest tag, they were divided into groups of six and conducted through the shops. They were particularly impressed by the cleanliness of the various departments, and by the precision that is built into each of the products.

One machine which interested the students was the Electronic Data Processing Machine. The object of this machine is to process business records from raw data to complete and final reports in one continuous operation.

The IBM has no labor union because the more than 10,000 workers don't want any. They have everything a company would have with a union, and more.

After a lunch, provided by the company, the students went to the IBM Country Club which is operated for the employers. Besides an 18-hole golf course, it has a swimming pool, tennis courts, gymnasium, bowling alleys, and a number of other facilities.

Before the students boarded the bus for home, they had their picture taken by the company.

They all agree that this was one school day that was really enjoyable.

PRINT SHOP

In the busy Print Shop, basketball schedules were printed by Richard Powers and Lee Fairfield.

The United Students' Fund tags which will be used throughout the school system were printed by James Black, Bud Bigelow, Frank Cavanaugh, Richard Pizzuto, and Richard Fairfield.

The "Voice of Vocational" put out its second issue. It was a special issue for the Christmas season. It was done as a class project.

CABINET MAKING

The whole cabinet making class had a hand in making twenty-six picture frames for the United States Army Reserve. Refinishing furniture for the P.H.S. teachers' room was also a class project.

WELDING

Welder Don Whitman made a set of wrought iron railings for his home, and also made a television stand. Ray Bushey, John Dorgan, and Dean Morry completed irons for two fireplaces. James Langenbach made a set of lowering blocks for his car. Raymond Bushey is trying to qualify for a welding position in the General Electric. Good luck Ray.

MACHINE SHOP

Machine Shop is the largest shop in the Vocational department. They not only took a trip to IBM, but also made repairs in the boiler room. Manhole covers were bored out in the parking lot when black top was laid.

DRAFTING

The Drafting Department made three drawings of bookkeeping forms for the teachers' credit union. Printing plates are to be made from these.

Recco Dus and Karl Shafer set up project drawings on sheet metal development.

The seniors are drawing assembly and detail drawings, which will be done in ink and white printed. These drawings will be shown at open house.

SHEET METAL

The whole class helped in making liners for South Junior High and also inner cans for waste cans for South. Waste cans for Plunkett and Dawes schools were also made by the class.

ALUMNI NOTES

1956 Graduates attending College

Charles Danham—NORTHEASTERN
Judith Robinson—BERKSHIRE BUSINESS
Sheila Sacchetti—BECKER JR.
Beverly Carlo—BAY PATH
Richard Badney—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
James Donald—CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
Pauline Lisi—ALBANY HOSPITAL
Calvert Eak—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Judith Farnon—TUFTS
Wayne LeBlanc—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Suzanne Wilbur—COTTEY JR.
Robert McCaffrey—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Fleen Wilmer—W.C. OF N.C.
Edward Kopf—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
N. C. F. C. N. C. A. S.
Raymond George—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.
Barbara Van Brander—SYRACUSE
Lawrence Fisher—NEW MEXICO COLLEGE OF
AG. AND MECHANICAL ARTS
Patricia Litimer—BAY PATH
Marshall Howe—BRYANT
Constance Giltos—BRYANT
Joseph Frada—G.E. APPRENTICE
B. C. F. S. C. B. C. OF B. S. S. S.
Benjamin Noguera—G.E. APPRENTICE
Ann Weldon—BECKER JR.
Thomas Walsh—LAFAYETTE
Stella Wall—BRYANT
Robert Reagan—G.E. APPRENTICE
Nancy Decelles—BERKSHIRE BUSINESS
Dorothy Meehan—BECKER JR.
Anthony Furlan—G.E. APPRENTICE
Patricia Morton—BAY PATH
Richard Lampeon—G.E. APPRENTICE
Frances Benick—BERKSHIRE BUSINESS
Beverly Mole—BAY PATH

GIRLS' SPORTS

ANN SOLERA POLEY SKOONBERG JUDY ROSELM SHIRLEY THOMAS CAROL VARAMELA
DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN WALTRINA MALINSA JUDY JONES BRUNDA WOOD SERENA HADDAD

BOWLING

The bowling season has rolled around again. This year there are forty teams in the bowling league. Ten different teams will play each day on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Bowling will last for ten weeks, at the end of which the winning team from each day's league will roll off for final honors. Each team that rolls off will receive medals and the winning team will receive trophies, as well as numerals.

At the close of the four day league there will be an individual bowling tournament open to all P.H.S. girls. The first, second, and third places will receive trophies, letters, and numerals, respectively.

There has been great enthusiasm for bowling this year and we hope to have lots of winners in the tournaments.

VOLLEYBALL

In volleyball there were three tournaments, the Veebee won by the juniors, the Jayvee won by the sophomores, and the Varsity won by the seniors. Varsity captains were sophomores Joyce Borden and Ursula Pytko, junior captains were Lorraine Maslanka and Sandra Martinell, and the senior captain was Dorothy Fedoryshyn. In volleyball the seniors won all games, the juniors came in second and the sophomores came in third.

THE GYM EXHIBITION

This is the year for the presentation of the Gym Exhibition by the girls and boys of the Physical Education Department. The date for this event has been tentatively set for Friday, April 12. About three-hundred and fifty will take part in this biennial event.

ROUND ROBIN BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Perhaps the most popular sport with the P.H.S. girls is basketball for 160 girls are at present taking part in the Round Robin Tournament. The twelve teams are captained by seniors and are made up of juniors and sophomores who are beginners, intermediates, or advanced players. With three games a day for five weeks being played, the total number of games adds up to 66. The winning team of the tournament will receive numerals.

Captains of the twelve teams are Evie Lombardi, Pat Trzcinka and Jean Radgowski, Sandy Boldyga, Sharon Tufts, Pauline DeVanna and Maureen Connors, Judy Jones, Mary Savery, Dot Fedoryshyn, Pat Deliert, Nancy Rogers and Mary Ann Meinhardt, Marsha Gaffey and Marianne Sangiovanni and Joan Mann and Marie Cozzolino.

Answers to "Guess Who?"

Tom Mulcahy, Adelaide Dorfman.

BOYS' SPORTS

TONY POLIDORO, DAVE FARRELL, DANNY SOLDI, BOB BUDNITZ

BASKETBALL

This is the year! The Pittsfield hoop squad is going places.

The P.H.S. capsters have started the season with a tremendous take-off. At this writing they have suffered only two defeats, and they own wins over every team in the league. This year the Hickeymen possess a balanced attack, speed, height, and a strong bench. With these attributes they are capable of running any team in this part of the state off the floor. Their rebounding strength with Captain Dave Farrell, Kirk Leslie, Charley Mancavallano, and Fred Cox—all six footers—is practically unbelievable for a high school team. Perhaps their strongest attribute is their balanced attack. There are no stars or guns in this ball club—only team players, anyone of whom can score on a given night. The P.H.S. squad, moreover, has eight men capable of playing first-string ball. Right now the team is pointing for the county title. After that, who knows?

HOCKEY

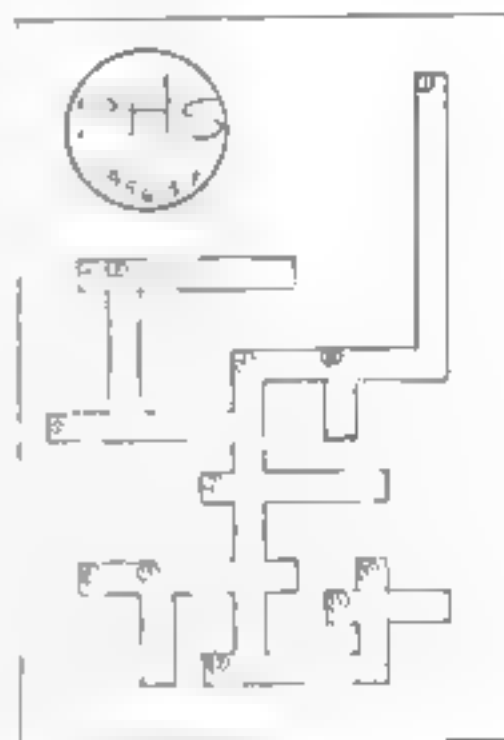
The P.H.S. hockey season is now in full swing, no thanks to Old Man Weather. Because of the fickleness of nature, the ice is nearly always poor, if there is any at all.

The puckmen of P.H.S. have suffered two close defeats, but, as the season progresses and the ice gets better, we are sure their record will improve. It is perhaps indicative of their ability that they have not yet had a penalty called against them. With a little more practice they will be hard to beat.

SKIING

With the early snow in the Berkshires the ski team has been right at home. The slat men opened the season with two wins, and, although they were subsequently defeated, they are unquestionably on the way to one of

their finest seasons. With Coach John Nesbit directing men like Ray Tuggey, Doug Woodward, Dave Doherty, and John Seely, the team is sure of a successful season.



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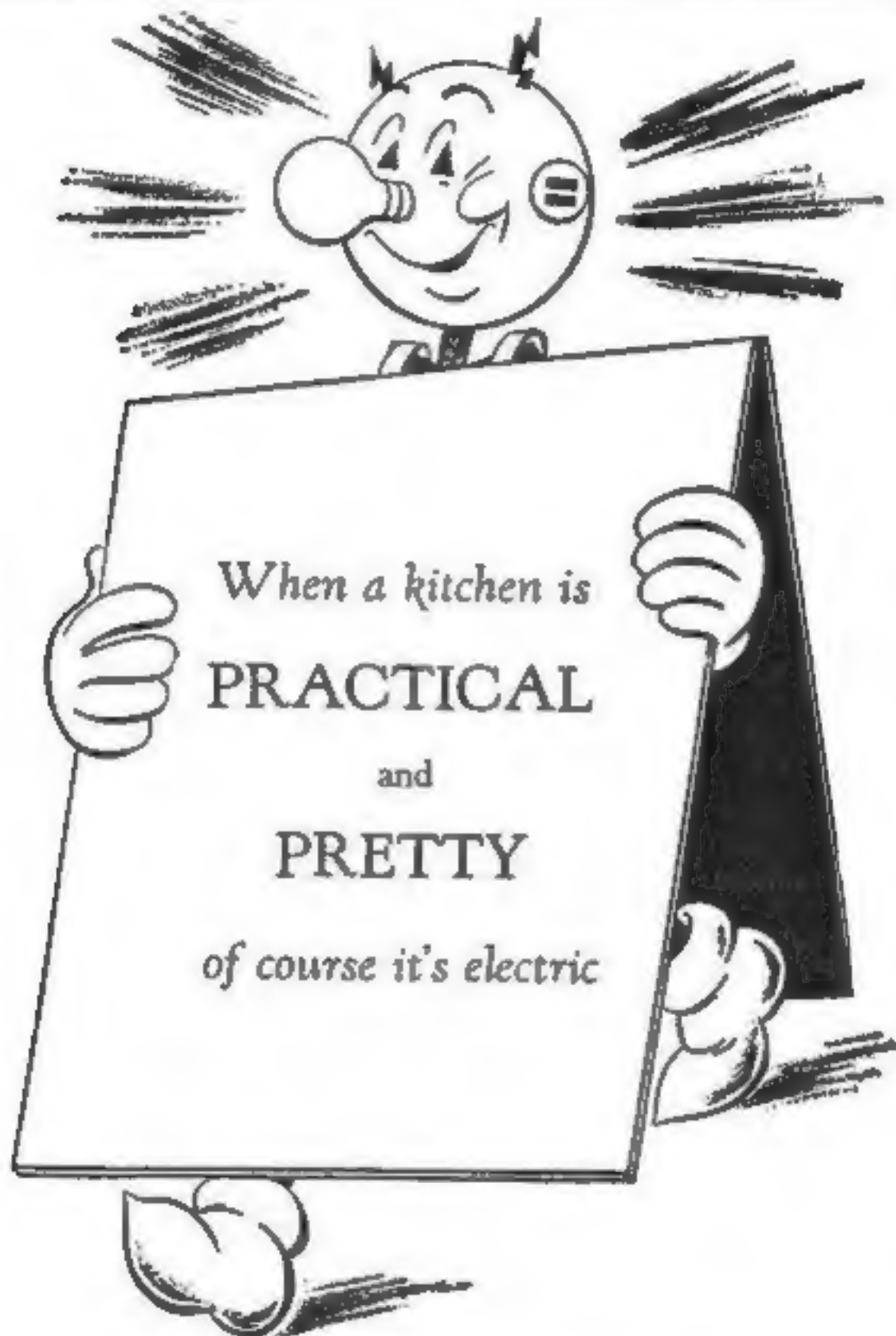
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